

The Green County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
Terms: \$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly
in advance, \$1.00 per year.
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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Special Advertising Rates for the
Month of April, 1907.

Announcements.

EDMUND W. PETTUS of Alabama, the
oldest man in the United States Senate,
thinks that only young men should be
sent to Congress. In a few months Mr.
Pettus will be eighty-six years old.

The Standard Oil Company has been
found guilty on 1,000 counts of receiving
rebates from the Chicago & Alton
railroad on shipments of oil from Whiting,
Ind., to East St. Louis, Ill., by the
courts of Chicago. Poor old John D.
is getting some hard knocks.

INDICATIONS are that the great crops
of the last five years are to be eclipsed
by the harvest of this season. Wheat
is especially good all over the country,
the Kansas crop being listed at 100 in
the government reports, and the same
is true of Nebraska and much of the
western field. Texas and Oklahoma is
having some trouble with green bugs,
but the indications are that the increase
of wealth to this country from this
source will again surpass all expectations
and give us another year of heavy
buying of American products in the
home market and of immense sums
coming here for our farm products.
The man with the plow is still the best
friend the other American workman
has.

FROM observations made around the
State Capitol we are thoroughly con-
vinced that the great Roosevelt is the
choice of the people of this great Com-
monwealth. He has proved himself in 1905.
Governor, and a most a politician of
the first rank, who does not like
his house to be a farce, regardless of how
it hits, and the popularity of the people
admits him the more for this and if the
test was a popular vote he would be the
choice of Pennsylvania by an over-
whelming majority. Senator Knox is
an able and excellent man for the Presi-
dency in case President Roosevelt abso-
lutely refuses to take the nomination,
but President Roosevelt is the foremost
American in the United States to-day
and there is not another man in this
great country of ours in whom the peo-
ple have such unswerving confidence.

Washington Letter.
(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20, 1907.
Those who have been looking for a
fresh sensation can rest quite satisfied.
They have it in the proposition the Presi-
dent has advanced to cut off all election
contributions and have the legitimate
election expenses of all parties paid by
the national government. This might
raise a war from the anti-paternalists,
for it would be a paternalism of a sort.
In fact of the most pronounced sort. But
it would be fair to all parties and it
ought to result in freeing elections from
the taint and suspicion of money illegi-
timately used. The plan has not yet
been put forth officially, but it has been
talked over at the White House and the
President is understood to be decidedly
in favor of it. So far as the details have
been worked out, it is that the several
parties should be apportioned funds for
legitimate election expenses in propor-
tion to the vote that they polled at the
last similar election. This would keep
the government disbursement from being
all in the hands of the two big
parties. The funds would be as care-
fully audited as any of the other dis-
bursements of the government, and not
only would the people know where each
dollar of the money had gone, but they
would see to it that election expenses
were kept down within something like
reasonable limits. It would settle the
question of corporate campaign contribu-
tion; would relieve the corporations
from being "held up" by enterprising
campaign solicitors, and would assure
all candidates of sufficient funds to meet
their legitimate outlay.

It is just the sort of an unpleasant
proposition for the President to make,
one that the machine politicians on
neither side will relish, and yet one
that nobody could honestly and reason-
ably oppose. It would make the elec-
tion cease to depend on the size of the
"harvest" and would throw hosts of
"harvest" out of a job. It will be

delightful if the suggestion is submitted
to Congress to see the number of ways
in which the professional politicians
will try to get out of fairly facing the
issue. It is almost sensation enough for
one week, and will give a number of
"state-men" something to think about
between now and the next session of
Congress.

Dr. L. O. Howard, known all over the
United States as "the mosquito man,"
of the Department of Agriculture, has
sailed for Europe on a rather curious
mission. He is going to bring back a
large assortment of small insects which
are parasites of the gypsy moth that for
years past has been spreading over
eastern Massachusetts and seriously
threatens the shade trees and shrubbery
of much of the state. The history of
the gypsy moth and its near relative
the brown-tailed moth is rather romantic.
They were accidentally let loose in
Massachusetts by a scientist who had
some live ones in his collection. They
are very destructive to shade trees and
shrubbery of all sorts, but fortunately
they are a slow spreading insect and
though it is years since they were first
incurred loose, they have spread over
only about a quarter of the state. Various
methods have been tried of extermin-
ating them, but none have been suc-
cessful in more than temporarily check-
ing them, and the state of Massachu-
setts has spent over \$1,000,000 already
in fighting the pest.

It happened a year ago that in south-
ern Russia Dr. Howard found a number
of insect parasites that preyed on the
two moths and kept them in check in
the regions of which they are natives.
He sent some of the parasites home, and
the experiments with them were so suc-
cessful that he has gone abroad again,
largely assisted by funds from Massa-
chusetts and expects to send home some
hundred thousand of the moth killing
insects. These will be released in the
moth ridden area, and it is believed will
do more toward checking the pest than
anything that has yet been tried. It is
expected that forestry will be benefited
in the future by the known fact that
"fleas have other fleas to bite 'em" and
so it is an infinitum.

The State Department received this
week another \$50,000 in aid of the
Chinese famine fund. This has been
forwarded to the Missionary relief com-
mittees in China from whom a report
has just been received showing the
progress of the work up to date. There
has been over \$200,000 contributed by
this country since the call for funds by
the President, and the missionary com-
mittees state that they have now on
their register 400,000 famine sufferers
who are being fed from the funds, all
of whom it is believed can be kept alive
all the next harvest, which promises to
be reasonably good.

This week saw the end of the contest
for the Presidency of the Daughters of
the American Revolution, who are
meeting in Washington. Mrs. Donald
McLain, the present President General,
was re-elected by an overwhelming ma-
jority. The Daughters are building a
magnificent hall for themselves in
Washington. It is almost finished and
has been partially dedicated. It will
cost about \$250,000, though not a re-
markably large building, and will not
only be a national meeting place but
as a hall of records for the society.

This has been a convention week for
Washington. One of the other impor-
tant meetings that is being held here is
that of the American Society of Inter-
national Law. This association is just
a year old, has for its president Secre-
tary of State Root, and numbers among
its members are the foremost lawyers
of the United States. One of the ob-
jects of the Society is to reduce the code
of international law, which at present
is in a rather hazy state, to something
like regular and generally accepted
form. There are a number of questions
touching neutrality in time of war, the
rights of blockade and property rights
on the high seas which the association
will express its views upon and will for-
ward to The Hague to be considered by
the coming peace conference.

The News—No Pure Drug Cough
Cure Laws would be needed, if all
Cough Cures were like Dr. Shoop's
Cough Cure is—and has been for 20
years. The National Law now requires
that if any poisons enter into a cough
mixture, it must be printed on the label
or package. For this reason mothers
and others should insist on having Dr.
Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks
on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the
medicines, else it must by law be on the
label. And it is not only safe, but it is
said to be by those who know it best,
a truly remarkable cough remedy.
Take no chance, particularly with your
children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's
Cough Cure. Compare carefully the
Dr. Shoop package with others and see.
No poison mark there! You can always
be on the safe side by demanding Dr.
Shoop's Cough Cure. Simply refuse to
accept any other. Bold by all dealers.

In using a cough syrup why not get
the best? One that comes recommended
is Bees Laxative Cough Syrup, contains
Honey and Tar and is superior to other
cough syrups in many ways. Children
always like it because it contains no opi-
ates, is a laxative and is guaranteed to
give satisfaction or your money returned.
Try it. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace
Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa. O. A. Ander-
son, Colegrove, Pa.

Back in 1880 Campbell's Varnish Stains
were originated and offered to house-
keepers for restoring and refinishing
furniture and interior woodwork. The
makers claim, and rightly too, that
twenty years' experience making var-
nish stains enable them to make a better
article than can be made by those new
at the business. Ask for Campbell's
Varnish Stains. Mr. J. O. Hamlin sells
it.

Before buying a suit case or traveling
bag call and look over my stock.
CHARLES LAMMER.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hem-
lock, larch, balsam, 60 inches diameter or
over, 12 feet long. Write to J. O. Hamlin.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE BELL BROS.

Our May Day Opening Begins Saturday,
April 27th. A Fashion Panorama.
A Revival of the New. A Showing
of the Fabrics, Hats and Garments
of Spring.

Fashions come and fashions go. One
has to be spry and keep up to the mo-
ment. The best and easiest way to do this
is to watch this store, and its continuously
changing stocks and styles.

When fashions come they come to this
store first, and when they go they go from
here long before they passe.

Our Spring Garments, Hats, Fabrics
and Requisites go hand in hand with the
style moment—if not a month or two
ahead. We've been "spry" and we have
careful and skillful and successful in gath-
ering the best that the most eminent fact-
ories and tailor shops of this and foreign
countries produce.

So much will do—on paper, concerning
our May Opening. If you'll come you'll
learn more than pen can tell in volumes.

Our May Opening Days Begin Saturday,
April 27th.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Furniture and Carpet House in S. W'n. N. Y.

DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injuri-
ous Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure
coffee.

Digesto is packed in small
sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolute-
pure coffee that can be used
without causing dyspepsia or
heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee
that you can drink at night with-
out fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent
packages, containing 10 bags,
each bag making from 2 to 3
cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of rail-
road watches. He uses a special
movement containing 21 jewels,
one that runs with wonderful
accuracy and is built to stand
the wear and tear, smooth and
slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

The Man Who Works

every day, out in the cold, rough
weather—fine, snowy, blowy,
rainy, can get protection that pro-
tects him against the blasts and
sting of winter weather.

Winter is not a supposition, al-
though late in coming, will be here
and may stay late.

All we want to do is to impress
on your mind for future reference
that we have Lambs' Wool Coats,
—Fur Gloves, outside and inside—
and all the clothing that the out-
door man is liable to want.

Not forgetting that the man who
works inside needs work clothes
too—that we have.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

When you think of PLUMBING

think of STRONG'S.

Having added H. H. Redfield's
plumbing business and tinners'
tools to my stock I am now pre-
pared to do all plumbing and
tinning in a satisfactory manner.

Give me a chance to figure on
your next job.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH PHONES
SOUTH BLOCK. Smethport



MICHAELS-STERN
FINE CLOTHING
SMETHPORT, PA.

Hart, Shaffner
& Mark,
Michaels,
Stern & Co.,
CLOTHING FOR MEN

Widow Jones
CLOTHING FOR BOYS

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable, Clothier,
Furnisher and Mer-
chant Tailor

Smethport, Pa.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c
MAY STYLE BOOK FREE.

ARE YOU HOUSE CLEANING?

If so you have no doubt found many
things which need replacing by new
goods.

Therefore I call your attention to
my line of

Lace and Mull Curtains, Lace and Mull Cur-
taining, Curtain and Extension Rods, Window
Shades, Scrims, Silkolines, Cretonnes

and many other useful goods in this line.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

February 26, 1907.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring
your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also
a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House, 50c

Penns Cafe, Sensation
and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35
cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

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BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the
basement of the Mason block,
under Hagberg & Sherburne's
store, where we are prepared to
do all kinds of plumbing in a
neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.



BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jew-
elry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my
new building on East
Main where I will be
pleased to serve you in
anything in the photog-
raphy line. My work is of
the best and I guarantee
satisfaction. Also keep
on hand an extensive line
of picture frames and
moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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A Cowboy's Love.

By ABNER JOHNSON.

Copyright, 1917, by Mary McKeon.

Jim Traskon, cowboy, was riding slowly around a herd of a thousand steers on a grazing ground in Montana. As he rode he was occupied with pleasant thoughts. For years past he had had no other thoughts than for steers. Now he had got on to a new line, and his head was confused, and there was a new feeling in his heart. His attitude had been observed from afar off by Tom Matthews, a fellow cowboy. As the new arrival came within speaking distance he checked his pinto and exclaimed:

"I'm in my hide, Jim Traskon, if you ain't homesick!"

"You're way off," was the reply.

"Then you are thinking of suicide."

"Wrong again."

"You can't be—no, doggone me—you can't be in love!"

Jim made no reply, but the hopelessness of his look increased. The other dismounted, came nearer, reached up and laid the palm of his hand on the suffering man's forehead where the heart is supposed to be. He held it there for twenty seconds. Then he stepped back and whispered:

"Jim, she's a palpitating as sure's your horn! It's a case of love, and don't you try to fool your Uncle Tom. Just pour out your confidence, and I'll advise to the best of my ability. I've been right there three or four times and know something about it."

"You—you won't give me away?"

"Not a give."

"Nor make fun of me?"

"Not on your life. When a man's in love and got it bad, Tom Matthews is not a man to jump on him. Who's the maiden, Jim?"

"You know that girl from New York over on the Horseshoe ranch?"

"You don't say! That Miss Walters who is visiting Kitty Williams? Say, Jim, you are lying high! That girl's father is worth three or four million

dollars, and she wouldn't stoop to such as you and me if we were up to the neck in quicksand. You can't mean that you are struck on her?"

Jim nodded and sighed and looked far away over the grazing herd.

"Well, by gosh! And now the question is, is she struck on you?"

"I can't say she is; but, Tom, I'm loving that girl till I shall die if I don't get her. Why, I haven't eaten enough for the last week to keep a juke rabbit alive, and there are times when it seems as if wheels was going around in my head."

"Well, Tom, me the very same way the first time, and I had chills and fever besides. In love with Miss Walters, eh? It's a cheery thing, Jim—mighty cheery. I'm afraid you'll have to take it out in palpitation of the heart and loss of appetite. If she was some half breed, now, or even the school-ma'am over on Dog River, there might be a show, but bracing up to a millionaire's daughter is lying high, Jim, lying high."

"But I'm a desperate man, Tom," replied Jim. "This 'ere thing they call love has got a rope around both my legs. It's either matrimony or death with me. What I want of you is to tell me how to work it. You've made two trips to Chicago with cattle and ought to know all about it."

"So I do, so I do. You have just seen her at a distance and fallen in love with her. Maybe it's the same way with her, but it won't do to bank on it. It's safer to argue that she's also seen you at a distance and don't know you from one of your herd. You can't go over to the ranch and call on her, because you haven't got a bolted shirt to put on. You can't get an introduction in the regular way because Kitty Williams is stuck up and would give you the cold glare. Her mother is down on you because one of her cats got hokd of some of your wolf poison. Jim, old man, you are up against it."

"Then I'll hang myself within a week!"

"Well, just the way I felt the first time. Let me see. There ought to be a way—there surely ought. It mustn't be any common way. It's got to be a half ruler or it won't go. If you don't impress a millionaire's daughter like a

honey falling on her, you can't hold her thoughts for five minutes. Jim Traskon, are you ready for a desperate venture?"

"You bet I am, if it's anything connected with that girl! Yes, sir; I'll fight a dozen grizzlies one after another for her sake."

"Then when you come in tonight we'll have a talk. I've got a plan, and I'm quite sure she's bound to work. Say nothing, but come and see me."

It was true that Miss Nettie Walters was visiting Miss Kitty Williams, daughter of Major Williams of the Horseshoe ranch. It was also true that she was the daughter of a wealthy resident of New York. Both girls rode out on their ponies almost every day, and as a matter of fact they had several times passed within a few rods of the cowboy—this particular cowboy. They had given him no more notice, however, than they had given his herd.

There was a talk that evening between Jim Traskon and Tom Matthews, and when it was concluded the hopeless lover was no longer hopeless. In fact, he had been brought around to realize that life was worth the living. He even executed a shamble and indulged in suppressed whoops of exultation.

Two days later fortune favored him with a broad smile. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon he caught sight of the New York girl riding alone—not quite alone, either, as she had three dogs with her, and the animals were doing their best to scare up a rabbit to be run down. When she was half a mile away a big jack broke cover, and away went girl and pony and dogs. It took Jim Traskon just two minutes to adorn himself in the Indian trappings which he had brought along for the occasion by the advice of Tom Matthews. Then he started the chase. His get-up was good, and his warwhoops had the true ring. Of course he depended on Miss Williams having told her girl friend that some of the Sioux Indians had left their reservation and were committing outrages along the skirts of the valley. As a matter of fact, this information had been imparted, but it hadn't deterred the New Yorker from riding out alone. She heard the whoops and looked back to see the redskin coming after her. Then she gave her pony the switch. In her poof she rode straight away from home, and at the end of a three mile chase her pony was whined, and she was being overhauled.

Then was the psychological moment for Jim Traskon to strip off his disguise and begin to whoop and shout and convey the idea to the girl that he had come up in time to run the redskin off and save her from being carried into captivity. According to Tom Matthews, she must feel grateful, she must smile on her rescuer, she must extend the glad hand, and if she didn't flail at his arms she must at least invite him to call on her at the ranch and sooner or later fall in love with and marry him.

All that ought to have taken place as easy as two and two make four; but, alas, it didn't. In the first place, carried away by his hopes and fears, the cowboy got too close; also he forgot to throw away his disguise. Then the girl pulled her tired horse in, wheeled him around and suddenly came riding back with a six shooter in her hand. She had never shot at a man before, burglar, cowboy or Indian chief, and for a novice she did remarkably well. Out of six shots she sent three bullets into Jim at points calculated to give him pain, and before she had ceased firing he was on the run for cover. When he had got a gait on him the girl headed for the ranch at alope, and her part of the adventure was over. Not so with Jim Traskon. He had to get into the brush and send for Tom Matthews, and Tom had to ride eight miles for a surgeon to pick the lead out and dress the wounds, and after Jim had told about forty lies about the affair the foreman said he was too ripe for him and had better go. Tom shook his fist under the poor fellow's nose and roared: "When I was telling you how to get that girl I didn't know that I was talking to a blunder fool! Jim, you've mixed and muddled the case worse than an idiot, and now you go and suspend yourself from the limb of a weeping willow tree and be banged to you! You had a mighty handsome girl and made millions within your grasp, and then you went like a durned kyle and forgot that you was a white man instead of an Indian. Get along out of Montana with you!"

One Text of the Teacher.

The true teacher must have a readiness to be forgotten. And what is harder? Many a man is ready to be generous if by it he can win praise. The love of praise, it is almost our last infirmity, but there is no more baffling infirmity for the teacher. If praise and recognition are dear to him, he may as well stop work. Dear to him perhaps they must be, as a human being; but, as a teacher, he is called on to rise above ordinary human conditions. A teacher does not live for himself, but for his pupil and for the truth which he imparts. His aim is to be a colorless medium through which that truth may shine on an opening mind. How can he be this if he is continually interposing himself and saying: "Instead of looking at the truth, my children, look at me and see how skillfully I do my work. I thought I taught you admirably today. I hope you thought so too." No, the teacher must keep himself entirely out of the way, fixing young attention on the proffered knowledge and not on anything so small as him who brings it. Only so can he be wholehearted in investigating the lives committed to his charge.—Professor G. H. Palmer in Atlantic.

The Proper Thing.

Mrs. Parks—I see that Mrs. Van Cobb has been abandoned by her husband.

Parks—What shall we do—send her congratulations?—New York Life.

For Catarrh, let me send you free, just to prove merit, a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh remedy. It is a snow white cream, healing antiseptic balm that gives instant relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see. Address Dr. Shoop's, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Improper action of the kidneys causes backache, lumbago, rheumatism. "Pinoles" is kidney remedy that will relieve these diseases. Pleasant to take and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. "Relief in every case." Sold by Dr. Chudwick, Palace Pharmacy, C. A. Anderson College.

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

A Celebrated Recess in the Wall of Westminster Abbey.

In the southwest wall of Westminster Abbey a narrow recess shows an old oak door. Behind it is a passage leading into the old palace of the celebrated Jerusalem chamber. This chamber is of profound modern interest in that it was the scene of the 1611 and 1884 revisions of the Bible. In the latter instance the United States taking a most prominent part.

The Jerusalem chamber is also of great historic interest, being one of the few remains of the old palace of Westminster, which for centuries was distinct and separate from the abbey. Many rooms in the old palace had similar fanciful names, such as Heaven, Paradise and the Antechamber.

The Jerusalem chamber, built by Abbot Lillington in 1364 and was so named from the red sandstone brought from Jerusalem, which decorated it. The room is rectangular in shape, wainscoted with cedar and other woods, all of which were brought from the Holy Land. The ceiling and the upper part of the walls are frescoed, and here and there hang costly tapestries, which Henry VIII. placed in the choir of the abbey, but which have since been removed to this room. The splendid cedar mantelpiece was put up in commemoration of the marriage of Charles I., then Prince of Wales, with the Princess Henrietta Maria of France. The carved and wooden heads on either side of the mantelpiece represent the royal pair.

One of the frescoes depicts King Henry IV., who breathed his last within these walls in 1413. This event occurred twenty-five years after the room was built and was doubtless the first really important incident in its history, for celebrated, indeed sacred, as the chamber has since become, at its construction it was only intended as the withdrawing room for the guests of Abbot Lillington.

King Henry, with the uneasy conscience of a usurper and a superstitious belief in a prophecy that foretold his death at Jerusalem, decided upon a crusade to the Holy Land. The crusade, which the king deemed ample atonement for his sins, was, however, too long deferred. Preparatory to leaving on his journey to Jerusalem, while praying before the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor in the abbey, he was stricken with a mortal sickness, and, in the words of the old chronicle, "they for his comfort bore him into the abbey's place and laid him down before the fire in this chamber."

On coming to himself and learning that he was in the chamber named Jerusalem then said the king, "Laud be to thee, Father of heaven, for now I know that I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy made of me before said, that I should die in Jerusalem." And so he made himself ready and died shortly after.

The body of Addison lay in state in this room, whence it was borne at the dead of night to its last resting place in the chapel of Henry VII., the procession passing round the shrine of Edward the Confessor and the choir singing a funeral hymn. From the Jerusalem chamber also the body of Sir Isaac Newton was carried to the grave, the pall being borne by the lord chancellor and by deans and canons.

Scott's Worst Plan.

It is not the foolish at a distance who are prey to the most unscrupulous fears. Scott, who had found moral courage and seems ordinarily not to have lack of physical courage, has left on record that the moment of greatest terror in his life was that he spent while walking back through the fields after passing a day with Joanna Balliol at Harrogate. He met a rough looking man, a disreputable figure of the real jail bird. Scott hurried past him in alarm and was further disconcerted when he saw, by turning his head, that the man had crept through a gap to the other side of the hedge. Scott climbed through another gap, so that he was able to see the fellow groping at the bottom of the hedge. It was a stone or a cudgel that the ruffian was seeking, so that he might do murder, the novelist thought. And in that moment he experienced an agony of fear such as never before or afterward possessed him. The purpose of the man was quite obvious; he was merely picking up a bundle. Scott vaulted a stile with such thankfulness to escape that he was unconscious at the time that in grasping the wood he drove home a splinter three-quarters of an inch long between the flesh and the nail of one of his fingers.—St. James' Gazette.

The Kaleidoscope.

Have you any idea what a wonderful thing a kaleidoscope really is? Did you ever catch yourself wondering how many different kinds of patterns could be formed by the little bits of colored glass which the instrument contains and which adjust themselves with such remarkable facility when the instrument is turned in the hand? A calculation has been made by a noted mathematician which we are sure will astonish readers. He shows that a kaleidoscope containing twelve bits of glass may be turned rapidly enough to make ten changes a minute day and night for ninety-one years and forty-nine days without exhausting the different combinations or the possibilities of getting a new figure on the next turn. If the number of pieces of glass be increased to twenty, a calculation shows that 4,928,800,560,570 years would be necessary to go through all of the changes of which it would be capable, the holder of the instrument turning all the while so as to get ten changes a minute and working day and night those millions of years.

DEAD MEN'S BAGGAGE

In the Gloomy Old Morgue Down by the London Docks.

CHATELLETS OF LOST SEAMEN.

A Strange Storehouse of Strange Things, Where the Belongings of Those Who Have "Gone Over the Side" at Sea Are Kept Until Claimed.

"Messages from the sea." There are 200 or 300 waiting delivery in London at this moment, and the gray panicle clinging about them is held together by the knowledge that the answer part will never be called for. Down by the docks, amid the mud and butchery of that wonderful place, is an imposing building, and in the rooms below, in a succession of old clothes and queer baggage, are stacked the belongings of those who have gone down to the sea in ships and never returned.

Now and then, but not often, a pale woman it may be troubles the serenity of that cloak room of the dead and, being conducted below, is guided through the maze of ownerless baggage until presently, with a start, she cries out:

"That's Bill's bag, mister—the one just over your head! I know it by the patch I sewed in afore he started." And while the woman waits, wide eyed, her guide reads from the white government label tied to the sailor's sock: "William Smith, A. B., ship Southern Star. Washed overboard. Desolation strait."

"That's 'im," says the wife, gulping down her sorrow, and the great bag is pulled from its resting place looking like a badly packed Christmas stocking, warty and bulging in odd corners with the dead seaman's belongings. And on top are lashed his worn sea boots and a rough parcel in thin foreign paper which they found under the pillow in his bunk. Flashed usage and sea spray have played havoc with the thin paper, and the secret that Bill was guarding so jealously appears in the form of a dainty faxen haired doll, with mild blue eyes, calculated to fascinate the heart of any little maid at sight.

"Ah," cries the woman, proud for the moment of her husband's remembrance, "that's for Minnie. He said he would bring it—or send it," she adds, with unconscious pathos, "if he could not come himself." And she hides the doll in her shawl and in an outburst of emotion goes off with her friend, and Bill disappears forever from history.

There they lie in neatly ordered rows, those old canvas bags, each with its terse official label dangling from it, a fine, faint odor of foreign climes pervading the gray dusk of the passages. Yet what a storehouse of romance they represent, what an inspiration for some Teufelsdröckh of the salt water! There is an individuality about every homely package. What, for instance, was the fate of the poor "prentice lad who owned that duck bolster and where is the mother whose gentle fingers stitched his initials on it so lovingly? The grim simplicity of the official details merely describes him as "missing," and that's the end of it. Poor mother! In the next recess lie the worldly goods of a North sea whaler. You can still smell the sperm oil distinctly when you come within three yards of them. There is an accession on top of the pile, with all the inside long since cut of it, and a half carved walrus end, beside it, with a picture of the dead man's ship on one side and on the other a syndicate sketch of himself at home, one hand round his wife's waist and a joyously large tankard of beer held aloft in the other.

A little farther on is a sea stained bag, a tube and an oilskin pipe, crossed saltire on top—that is, the escutcheon. Ah, Sing—and his epitaph says he fell overboard somewhere in the roaring forties. Luckless beach! It will be a long swim home thence to the ancestral burial place by the Yellow river. And still a little farther on, amid the jumble of patches and poverty, of commonplace and high romance, of sea chests and bags and baskets, in a corner where those things are put which have waited longest unclaimed, is an old portmanteau, gray with dust, yet obviously of better class than its companions in misfortune. You turn its creaking hinges gently, expecting tapestries and swiftness, and there, spalled and yellow, but arranged with feminine grace, is a bride's outfit, everything mused down to the modestly folded white gloves, rusty as their buttons, and on the bosom of the dress is a photograph faded beyond recognition, with a prayer book by it and a rose leaf still marking the marriage service.

As strange a storehouse of strange things as any in the big city is this unclaimed property office of the docks, and if few go to its grimy corridors to search for traces of the missing still fewer come away in a talkative mood.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Music as an Adjunct to Education.

It has come to be very generally recognized that music is a great factor in education. Robert Foreman in the Musical Standard says: "It helps the other branches by accustoming the children to respond to their impressions by teaching them how to express themselves freely and naturally. It may be made to help the enunciation in reading; it may be made to emphasize and illumine the facts in history; it may be utilized for the purpose of making poetical expressions more perfect. It is possible to reproduce the real life and soul of music, to have the vital phase of the thing itself as an influence and an inspiration for all whether they sing or listen."

Miss Namesake

By Nan Todd.

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"Abigail," said Miss A. B. Kimball, addressing her little niece, "I trust that while I am in the city today you will not forget in everything you are a namesake."

"Name," replied the child, who, but a few days before, had never known her Aunt Abigail, not even a good night kiss.

Little Abigail, left alone for the first time all day in the care of the servants, took her doll in her arms, and sat down in the library to read. By and by, the child came into the room with a great pile of pine cones for the merry fire, and she chuckled and chuckled at the white of her cheeks. The servant, good natured face wrinkled itself in smiles for there sat Abigail, dilly-dilly in a high arm chair, making a very droll picture indeed.

"Mary," whispered Abigail, "today I've an awful respectability. I'm a namesake—the Aunt Abigail kind, you know; not just pretend, either."

"Land sakes! You don't say so! A Miss Namesake!" exclaimed the maid, dramatically dropping her place cones in surprise. Abigail smiled. Somehow Mary always understood.

"Yes," continued the little girl, "I'm one. I'd like to have a missionary meeting tea party, really truly. Aunt Abigail was going to have one this very afternoon if Mr. Lawyer hadn't made her go to the city. I'd like real little girls at mine too."

"But, Miss Namesake, even if you was to have a really one, the children near here he'd join."

"Why, Mary, didn't you know missionary meeting tea parties are always for poor people? I don't think I'd feel so alone if I could only have 'em once in awhile, my kind," murmured Abigail, a pathetic little catch in her sweet voice. Then, then, then Mary was suddenly called to the kitchen.

"Oh, well, I'll just play missionary after lunch," whispered the wee girl. She looked wistfully out the window. It was snowing. The nodding plumes of the great fir trees were heavy with glistening snowdrifts.

"Dear me, I'd rather be a tree than a namesake," she sighed.

Abigail was an old, sensitive girl of five years. Her father and mother both dead, she had lived ever since her third birthday with her aunt, Miss Kimball. As Miss Namesake was old, she was often very lonely. She called herself "Little All Aloney."

Mary was the only one who seemed to understand her whimpering, imaginative ways, while her Aunt Abigail did not at all. Maybe her aunt did not understand because she had always lived such a sheltered life behind these great fir trees. Then, too, it was a long time since a wee girl had played in the great silent house. And the lonely woman—for her Aunt Abigail was lonely, too—seemed to have forgotten her own childhood days, so barren of childish things. She had known few children. Taught by a governess, brought up accordingly to rule, she knew of only this one way for her niece, poor little Namesake!

"Oh, I feel so grown up," sighed Abigail. She was talking her Aunt Abigail's place for the day, so she understood. Though the importance of her "responsibility" had a peculiar charm, she was still little All Aloney. There were shadows across her just pretend head, and wistful eyes often tears tangled themselves in Polly Jane's curls. It was Lonesome Land everywhere today, even if she were a namesake.

Then luncheon time came. "Mary," remonstrated Miss Namesake, imitating her aunt's manner and tone of voice, "I do not wish any more jam. I'm a namesake, you know."

The little girl had suddenly remembered she had never seen her aunt take more than one spoonful of jam. Good natured Mary had taken advantage of her mistress' absence and was heartily heaping Abigail's plate with delicious jam.

"Very well, ma'am," sighed Mary, smiling, though her kind heart ached to comfort little All Aloney in her brave attempts to be a good namesake.

"Polly Jane," whispered Abigail when she came more into the library. "I can't kiss you today, 'cause I'm a namesake, the Aunt Abigail kind, you know. So you sit quietly and think for I wish to read."

She smiled with a little grownup air at her doll. Then Miss Namesake took a heavy book from the table and began to read—that is, just pretend read, for the book was upside down. There were lonely tears in a little girl's eyes. Besides, she wasn't very comfortable, for the tips of her small boots did not touch the floor, and of course she wouldn't rest her feet on the rounds of Aunt Abigail's mahogany chairs.

From her high seat she could see the dark green fir trees boldly silhouetted against a gray sky. The wind was singing through their fragrant depths. On the wide window ledge four little birds were eating crumbs she had so generously given them earlier in the day. "I guess they're having a missionary meeting tea party."

"What?" sighed the fir trees. Abigail listened. She had nearly forgotten something, and now she had thought of a plan.

If Aunt Abigail couldn't have her missionary meeting tea party, I'll just have one, the really truly kind, in her place, 'cause I'm her namesake. But who'll I have to it?"

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ball lived a mile beyond the small suburban village. "Oh, they'd be glad to come. I'll just run and tell 'em and get back real soon."

Abigail ran swinging down the walk, her mouth white with cold, and she had taken her little shoes off. She had taken her shoes off, and she was a namesake. This was really truly true. The heater's north wind was teasing her ears. She smiled gratefully at the snowing fir trees, who always told her such pretty stories.

Well, the poor children were delighted with an invitation to a missionary meeting tea party at the "big house," as they unkindly called Miss Kimball's home. Their names were Macks, and there were four in all. Just what the party was to be like they didn't know. But their hostess was so confident and happy, that the uncertainty was more alluring, while Miss Namesake, who had attended only one missionary meeting tea party, at that, the Aunt Abigail kind, was tremendously happy.

Mary never suspected a thing of it. Maybe her surprise, then, when she walked into the library later in the afternoon to see if Miss A. B. was still namesaking and found three mugged little girls, one sandy boy and Miss Namesake gathered cozily around the great open fireplace.

"Bless my eyes!" exclaimed Mary, pausing in the open doorway.

"Oh, come in, Mary," graciously called Abigail, her blue eyes dancing with merriment at the expression on the servant's face. "I'm having a missionary meeting tea party in Aunt Abigail's place. My missionaries are the Misses Brewsters, Miss Ruggles and—Mr. Randolph Prince. Just play, you know, Mary." The little hostess had named each of her old guests after friends of her aunt.

The children grinned. The dancing flames intensified the brightness on the just present missionaries' faces, while Abigail smiled through tears of true delight.

"Ten served in the dining room, ma'am!" finally questioned Mary, assuming an air of haughtiness that would have pleased a mistress.

"You may serve in here, please," replied Miss Namesake, stilling approval at the girl's readiness. She was indeed Mary's mistress. The servant left the room.

"I'd like to be a real missionary, wouldn't you, Miss Ruggles?" asked Abigail of the eldest Mary girl, who was crossing Polly Jane's curls.

"My, yes, if they're like you!" "So would I." "And so would I."

"Mo, too," piped in Billy Mack, alias Mr. Prince.

After a most delicious lunch, which Mary served with Aunt Abigail's "best things," the children all kindly forgot they were "just pretend" and became little people. They rumped and played. Poor Mary had to cry when she heard the echo of their happy voices in the lonely house. Then it grew dark, and the children went home.

"It was the beautifullest time I ever had!" exclaimed Miss Namesake when later Mary tucked the three but strangely happy little girl in her great feather bed. If they both thought of what Aunt Abigail might say, they forgot the fact and enjoyed to their hearts' content the rehearsal of the afternoon's odd pleasure. "I'd never be little All Aloney, Mary, if I could have my kind of missionary meeting tea parties."

It was long, long after tea before Aunt Abigail reached home. Mary said not a word concerning the afternoon's festivities. She knew the honor of a certain little girl's heart.

"Aunt Abigail," called Miss Namesake in a very sweet bedtime voice.

"Yes," answered Miss Kimball, pausing at the threshold of her niece's room.

"I didn't remember all the day long I was your namesake and had an awful respectability."

"Why, Abigail Kimball, what have you been doing?"